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SEVENTH DAY NIGHT.*

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

LOV'ST thou at early morn to rove,
Th' enamell'd mead, the verdant grove,
And hear each warbler's note of love,
By nature taught;
Or when 'neath evening's silent sway,
Thy footsteps brush the dews away,
And 'mid the silver moon-beams stray,
In pensive thought.

There oft may wake poetic fire,
And many a soothing strain inspire,
To melodise the Muse's lyre,
In numbers bright;
But dearer to thy Mary's breast,
Than all the charms by these possess'd,
With pure felicity my guest,
Our seventh day night;

For then the toilsome week is o'er,
And business racks the head no more,
Nor echoing raps assail the door,
Nor cares annoy;
But gain'd an hour of rest at last,
And by no cloud our sky o'ercast,
We drink oblivion of the past,
And peace enjoy.

Still'd is the unquiet hum of trade,
Its busy haunts are lost in shade,
The office lock'd, the porter paid,
And warehouse clos'd,
We feel as mariners on shore,
Who've just escap'd the tempest's roar,
Dream not of dangers yet in store,
While safe repos'd:

Our fire burns bright, our thoughts are free,
And fragrant our repast of tea,
Most cheering when illumin'd by thee,
With smile serene;

Our little darlings round us press,
In haste to urge the fond caress,
Which does a parent's bosom bless,
And crowns the scene.

Perchance they court a longer stay,
And banish slumber far away,
To lengthen out the closing day,
In pleasures bland:

*The numerical mode of denominating the day of the week is adopted in this little specimen of feeling, and neat domestic painting. Seventh day is Saturday, according to the mode practised by the Quakers, and some others who do not profess with them, but who think that by numerals is the best mode of expressing the names of the week, and the months. Nothing short of the indiscriminating sway of custom, and ancient prescription, could reconcile us to denominating time by terms drawn from an exploded superstition, or as in the case of the four last months of the year by an evident misnomer, calling the 9th month, September, which means the 7th, according to the old style. The French in their reformed calendar, which they afterwards capriciously rejected, made some approaches to propriety, but they erred in making the climate of one country, the test for denominating the months. The numerical order would have removed all objections.

Soon tired they sink to calm repose,
Such as no guilty mind e'er knows,
And Sleep his poppies o'er them throws,
With liberal hand.

Oh luxury! not all thy power,
To wile away the tedious hour,
Can o'er the heart such comfort shower,
As scenes like this;
Nor less to-morrow's prospects cheer,
To us its hallowed rest is dear,
And fills our minds with joy sincere,
And hopes of bliss;

For we delight to seek his face,
Whose presence beautifies each place,
And meet with those who meet to trace,
His power divine.
To us the prospect of that day,
When earthly cares and toils give way,
Is lovelier than the potent ray,
Of noon-tide shine:

For as the bow that ever bends,
Its force elastic quickly spends,
Nor swift the darting arrow sends,
To gain the prize,
So he who formed the human mind,
Seasons of rest hath well design'd,
Which give new vigour to mankind,
To mount the skies.

Even as our frame refreshment knows,
Awaking oft from bland repose,
When health in crimson current flows,
And prompts delight;
Then marvel not why I prefer,
To evening walk, or morning air,
This sweet cessation from dull care,
On seventh day night.

Dublin, 1807.

M.C.

SELECT POETRY.

THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

FAIR rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the floral year;
The snow-drop marks the Spring's approach,
Ere the first primrose groups appear!
Or peers the Arum* through its spotted veil,
Or violets scent the cold, capricious gale.

Then thickly strew'd in woodland bowers,
Anemonies their stars unfold;
Then spring the sorrel's veined flowers;—
And rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,
Receives in jasper cups the fragrant dews of morn.

* Jack in the pulpit.